

CAPITOL
PUBLICATION

SPACE ADVENTURES®

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COC

NO 7

in this issue... "TRANSFORMATION"
THE HARD-HITTING STORY OF SCIENTISTS'
MOST RECENT REVELATION

Dick
Gordon

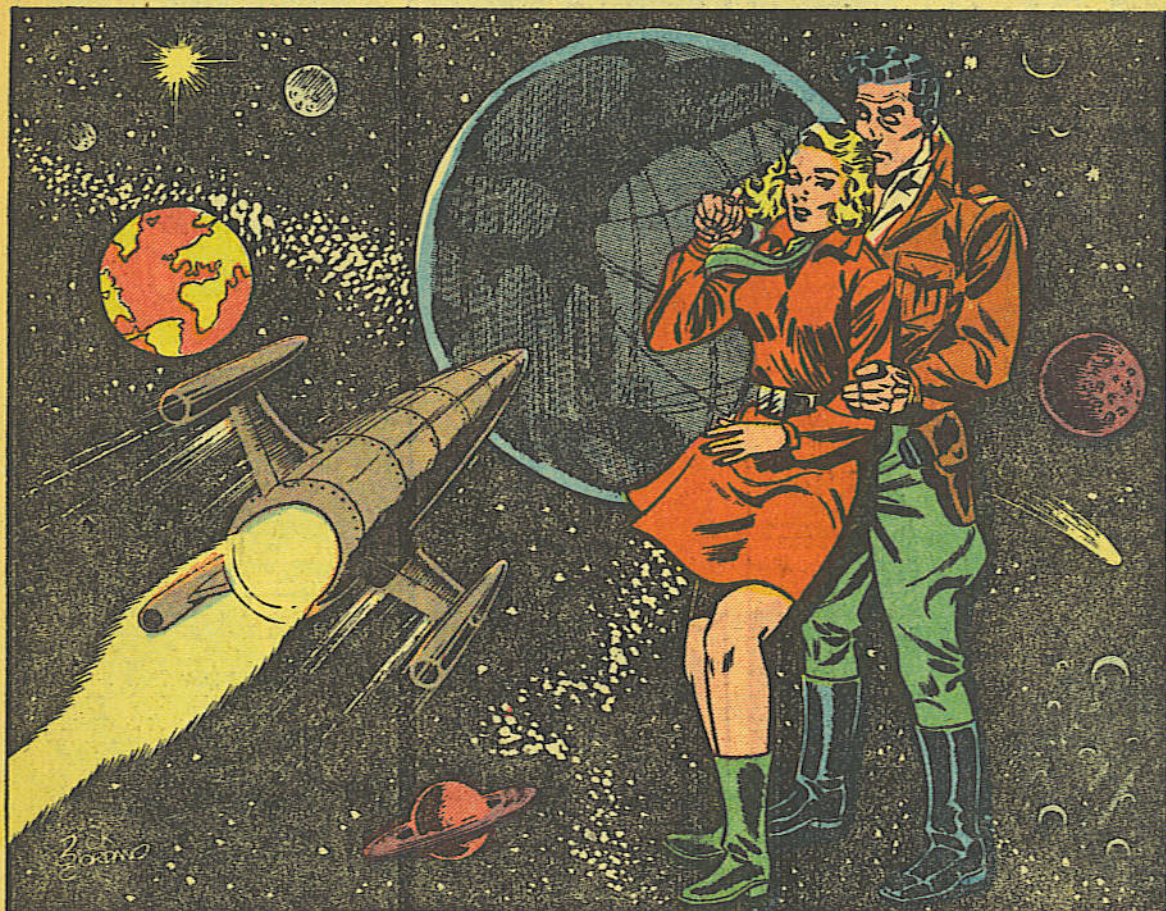


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SPACE ADVENTURES

TRANSFORMATION

TRANSFORMATION, "AS DEFINED BY WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY: "TO CHANGE THE FORM OF, SPECIFICALLY, TO CHANGE IN OUTWARD FORM OR SEMBLANCE... TO CHANGE IN STRUCTURE OR COMPOSITION."



SPACE ADVENTURES

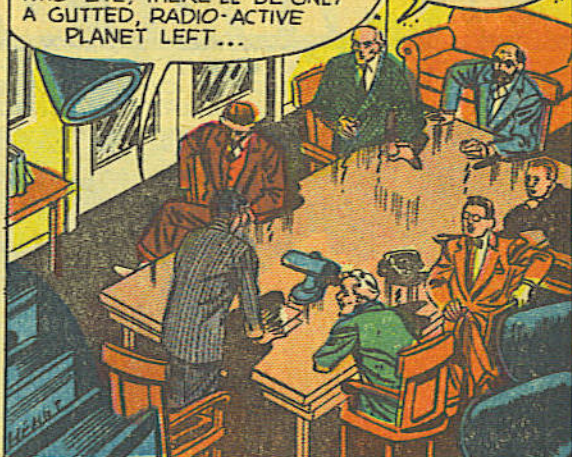
SOMETIME LATER, DR. LARS KRANSTON, DIRECTOR OF THE WORLD MEDICAL CENTER OF NEW YORK CITY, HANDS HIS SWEETHEART A LIST OF THE FOREMOST NAMES ON THE ROSTER OF INTERNATIONAL DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS...



HAVE THEM IN MY OFFICE AT ELEVEN SHARP, BETTY.

I, FOR ONE, DO NOT INTEND TO HAVE ANY PART OF THIS WAR! THERE'S LITTLE CHANCE OF SURVIVAL... AND FOR THE FEW WHO LIVE, THERE'LL BE ONLY A GUTTED, RADIO-ACTIVE PLANET LEFT...

I SHARE YOUR VIEWS, DR. KRANSTON, BUT HOW...



THIS WAR WILL BE FOUGHT WITH ATOM AND HYDROGEN WEAPONS, DR. KRANSTON... NO ONE WILL BE SPARED.

THAT IS PRECISELY THE POINT I HAD IN MIND.

I'M THINKING OF THE EXPERIMENTAL ROCKET RECENTLY COMPLETED BY THE CENTER. IT'S CAPABLE OF A TRIP INTO OUTER SPACE... LARGE ENOUGH TO CARRY OVER A TON OF EQUIPMENT, INSTRUMENTS, RADAR AND TV COMMUNICATION UNITS.

I PROPOSE TO SUBSTITUTE MEN FOR COMMUNICATION EQUIPMENT... FOOD AND PROVISIONS FOR SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS. WITH THIS ROCKET WE COULD GO TO VENUS OR MARS, AND LIVE IN PEACE. I'VE ALREADY ORDERED THE CHANGES MADE IN THE ROCKET... HOW MANY OF YOU ARE WITH ME?



I'M WITH YOU, KRANSTON...

AND I...

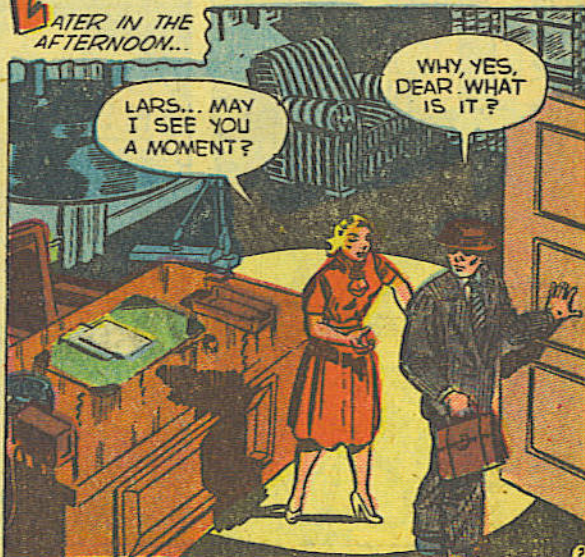
WHEN CAN WE START?



LATER IN THE AFTERNOON...

LARS... MAY I SEE YOU A MOMENT?

WHY, YES, DEAR. WHAT IS IT?



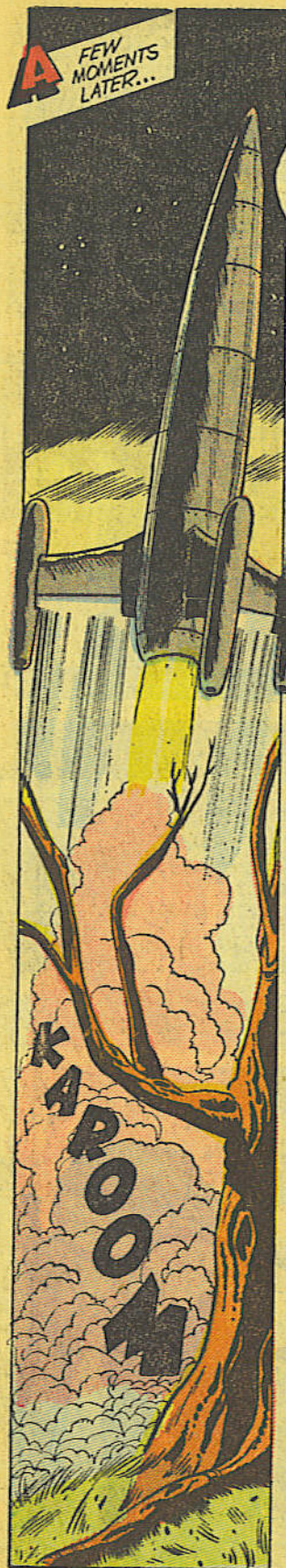
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I CAN TAKE THAT CHANCE, TOO. BESIDES, AS YOU SAID, IT'S BETTER THAN WAITING FOR AN ATOM BOMB TO DROP! TAKE ME WITH YOU.. OR.. OR I'LL EXPOSE YOUR PLAN!



SPACE ADVENTURES



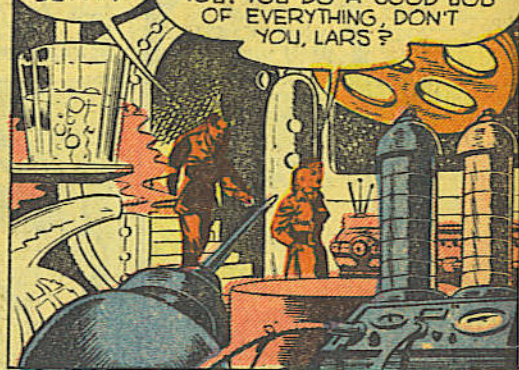
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS, WE'LL ENTER MARS' GRAVITATIONAL FIELD IN SEVENTEEN MORE HOURS.

THAT SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT. I'M GOING BACK TO THE LABORATORY.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE, BETTY?

ADMIRING... IT'S A BEAUTIFUL SET-UP. IT'S LIKE YOU TO BRING A FIRST CLASS LAB ALONG WITH YOU. YOU DO A GOOD JOB OF EVERYTHING, DON'T YOU, LARS?

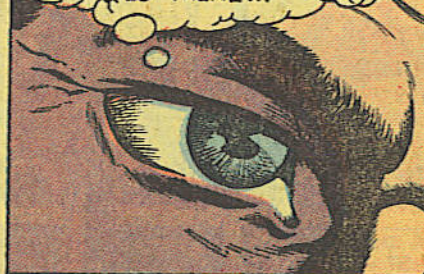


I TRY TO...

YOU LIKE TO PLAY THE BIG, SILENT GUY, LARS... WHICH IS OKAY WITH ME... UP TO A POINT! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A LONG TIME TO THINK OF SOMETHING TO SAY TO A GAL WHEN WE START LIVING ON MARS AND I'LL BE THE ONLY ONE AROUND.



HMM... KIND OF SURE OF HERSELF! MAYBE SHE'S RIGHT, THOUGH... IT WILL BE KIND OF LONELY SOME WITH ONLY THE FIVE OF US THERE...

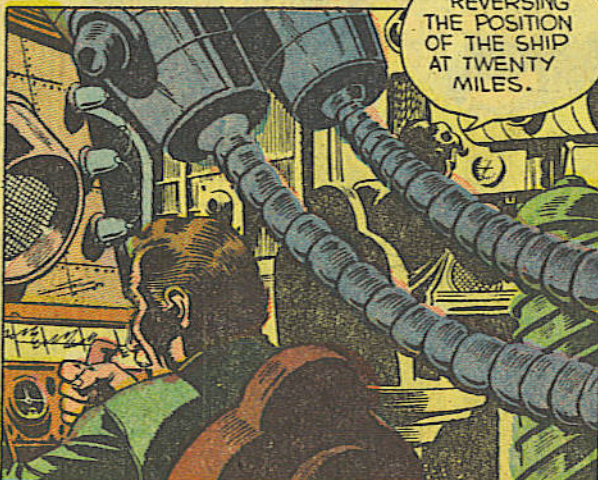


LATER AS THE ROCKET NEARS THE RED PLANET...

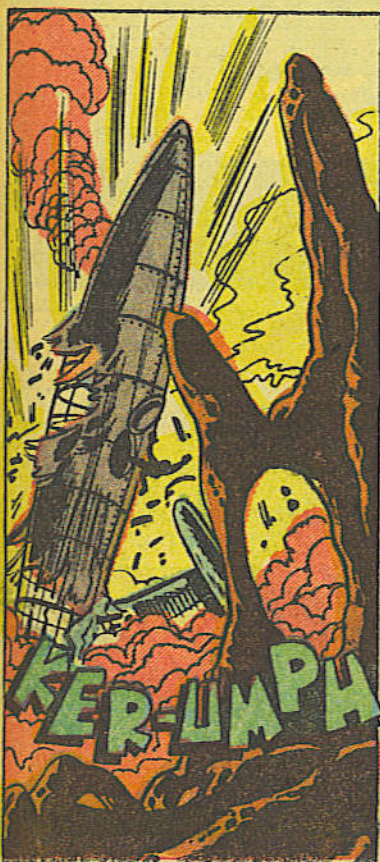
ALTITUDE... TWENTY THREE MILES. DESCENSION RATE... TWELVE HUNDRED FEET PER SECOND. OUTSIDE AIR FRICTION... THREE POINT EIGHT PERCENT.



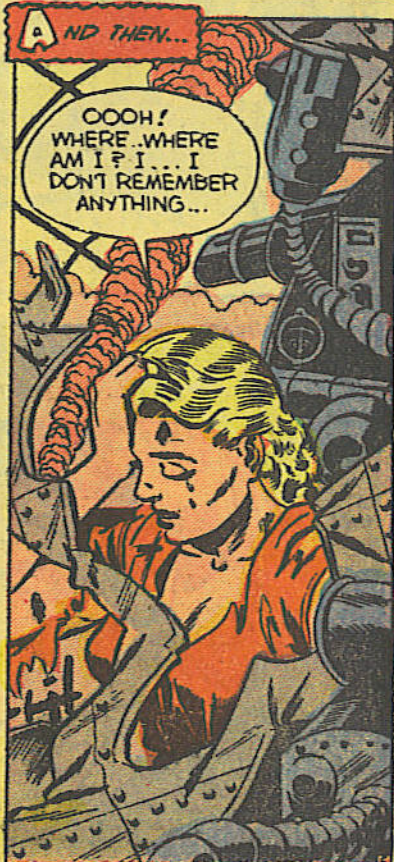
START REVERSING THE POSITION OF THE SHIP AT TWENTY MILES.



SPACE ADVENTURES

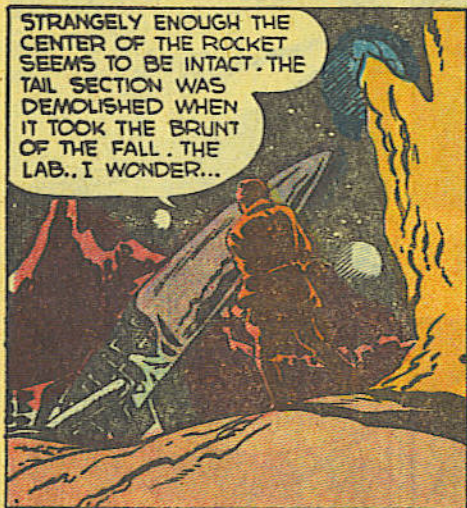


FOR A LONG TIME AFTER THE IMPACT THERE IS TOTAL SILENCE!



AND THEN...

SPACE ADVENTURES



DR. KRANSTON LIVED IN WHAT WAS LEFT OF
THE SHIP FROM WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE
PROVISIONS. DAYS WEEKS AND MONTHS WENT
BY. HE TIRED OF EXPLORING HIS SURROUNDINGS.



MONTHS OF LONELINESS CAN PRODUCE
STRANGE FIXATIONS IN THE MOST
BRILLIANT MINDS...

THESE NOTES... ON SEX CONVERSION... THE
TRANSFORMATION FROM MALE TO FEMALE OF
THE HUMAN BEING BY MEDICAL SCIENCE.
MIGHT PROVIDE AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT
... TAKE A LONG TIME TO
ACCOMPLISH... BUT I'VE
GOT A LOT OF TIME!



SPACE ADVENTURES

ANYWAY, I'M A LITTLE TIRED OF BEING A MAN... MEN START WARS AND BUILD ROCKETS TO ESCAPE FROM THEM. MEN WOULD, IN SHORT, SEEM TO BE RATHER STUPID CREATURES. POOR BETTY... BECAUSE OF US SHE'S DEAD! I THINK I'LL... YES! I'LL DO IT, THEN I'LL DESTROY THE LAB. ANYWAY, I HAVEN'T MUCH HOPE OF LIVING VERY LONG ON THIS GOD-FORSAKEN PLANET!



THIS HORMONE SHOT WILL START THE TREATMENT. I'VE A LOT OF STUDYING TO DO... AND IT WILL TAKE A LONG TIME. AT LEAST THIS WORK WILL BE AN OBSTACLE TO INSANITY!



MEANWHILE, ANOTHER SURVIVOR HAS WANDERED HALFWAY AROUND THE SMALL, RED PLANET IN THE MONTHS SINCE THE CRASH OF DR. KRANSTON'S ROCKET SHIP...



IN THE YEAR THAT FOLLOWED, THE CRISIS ON EARTH WAS CONTROLLED BY THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONS. THE ALL-OUT WAR THAT HAD DRIVEN KRANSTON AND HIS FOLLOWERS TO ESCAPE WAS AVERTED.



EVENTUALLY LIFE ON EARTH RETURNED TO NORMAL, AND AGAIN MARS WAS STUDIED BY ASTRONOMERS. THEIR TELESCOPES PROBED THE CLEAR PLANET, BUT NONE WERE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO OBSERVE THE CONCLUSION OF THE DRAMA BEING PLAYED ON ITS SURFACE.

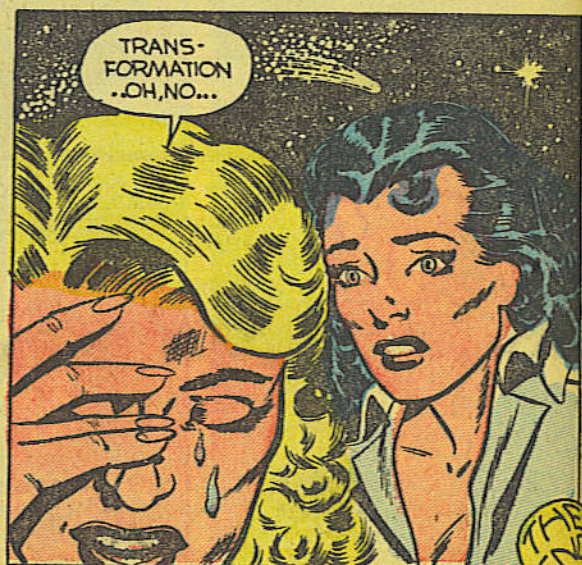
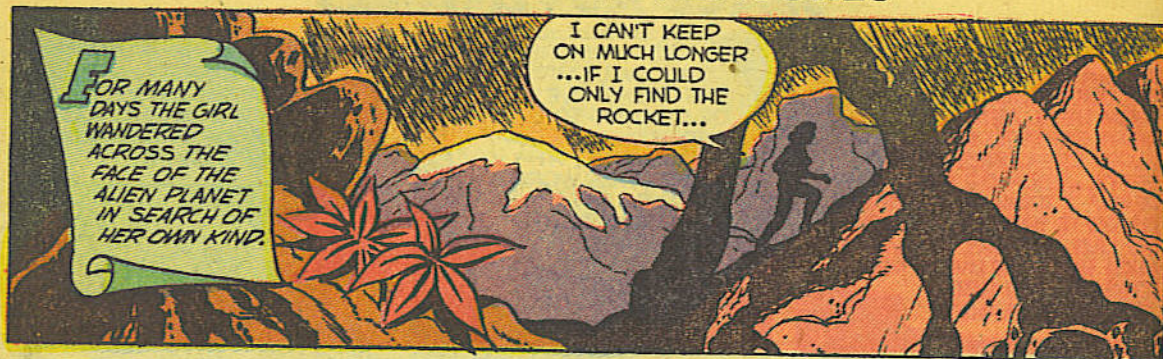


THE DAY FINALLY CAME WHEN UNDERSTANDING RETURNED TO BETTY STONE...



NOW... I REMEMBER! THE CRASH... I'M ON MARS... OR **SHOULD** BE! BUT WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?

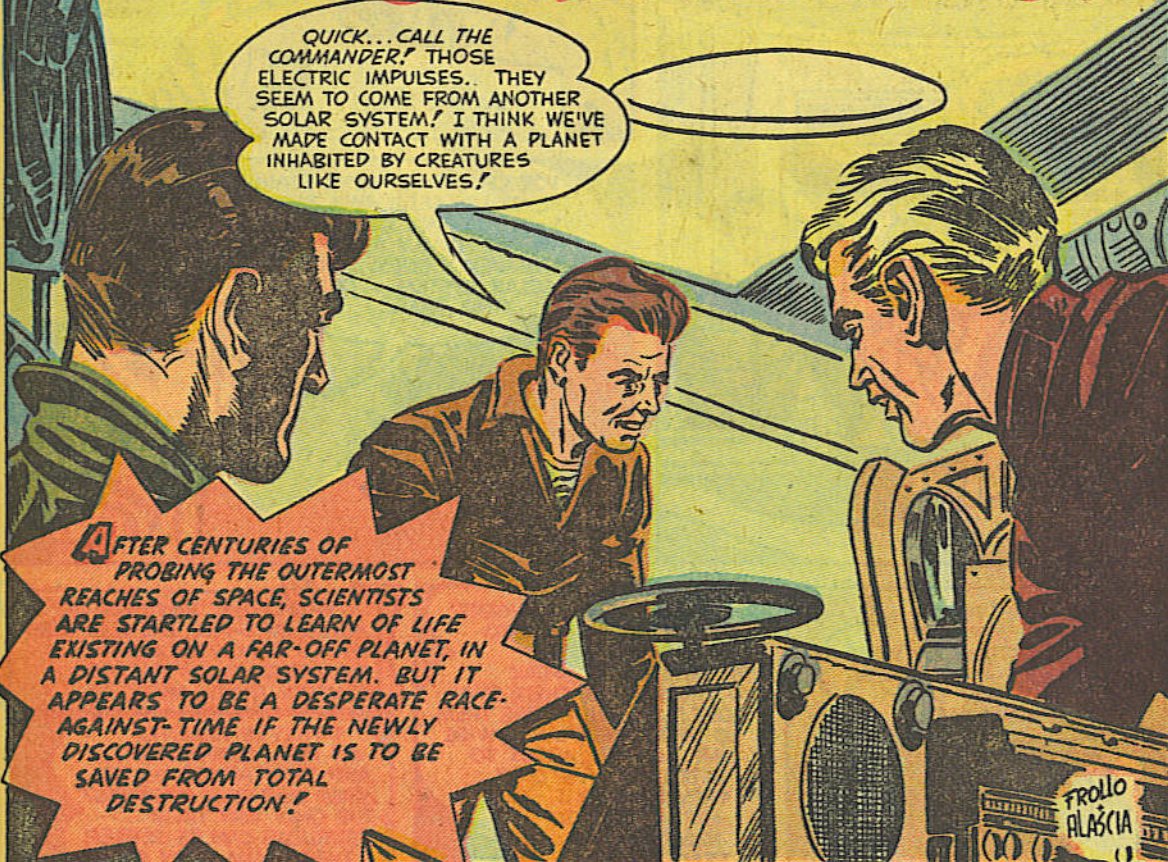
SPACE ADVENTURES



SPACE ADVENTURES

The

DOOMED CIVILIZATION



QUICK... CALL THE COMMANDER! THOSE ELECTRIC IMPULSES... THEY SEEM TO COME FROM ANOTHER SOLAR SYSTEM! I THINK WE'VE MADE CONTACT WITH A PLANET INHABITED BY CREATURES LIKE OURSELVES!

AFTER CENTURIES OF PROBING THE OUTERMOST REACHES OF SPACE, SCIENTISTS ARE STARTLED TO LEARN OF LIFE EXISTING ON A FAR-OFF PLANET, IN A DISTANT SOLAR SYSTEM. BUT IT APPEARS TO BE A DESPERATE RACE-AGAINST-TIME IF THE NEWLY DISCOVERED PLANET IS TO BE SAVED FROM TOTAL DESTRUCTION!

THE ELECTRONIC ROOM SEETHED WITH EXCITEMENT AS COMMANDER KRAIT EXAMINED THE STRANGELY FLICKERING LIGHTS...

I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, ARN! THE IRREGULARITY OF FLASHES INDICATES SOME KIND OF MAN-MADE MESSAGE! I'LL CONTACT THE CODE TEAM... SEE IF THEY CAN WORK OUT A MEANING TO THESE RADIO WAVES!

IN A FEW MINUTES, DR. TRIPLE AND HIS ASSISTANTS ARRIVED TO HELP SOLVE THE TANTALIZING PROBLEM...

I'VE GOT THE IDENTIFICATION MEN WORKING ON FINDING THE SOURCE OF THESE FLASHES, TRIPLE! IN THE MEANTIME, SEE IF YOU CAN'T MAKE SOME SENSE OUT OF WHAT WE'VE RECEIVED!

INCREDIBLE, IF YOUR SUSPICIONS ARE CORRECT, COMMANDER! WE'LL GET TO WORK ON IT INSTANTLY!

SPACE ADVENTURES

THROUGH THE LONG HOURS OF THE NIGHT, DR. TRIPLE AND HIS AIDES TOILED OVER THE INCOMING MESSAGES. THEN...

G-GOT IT... AT LAST! THEIR LANGUAGE IS OF THE SIMPLE TYPE WHICH MAKES DECODING RELATIVELY EASY! HERE ARE THE TRANSLATIONS OF THEIR MESSAGES..

LET ME SEE, TRIPLE!



W-WHY... THIS IS INCREDIBLE! GROTESQUE!



FOR CENTURIES WE'VE SCANNED THE SKIES, SEARCHING FOR A PLANET WHICH HARBORS LIFE SIMILAR TO OUR OWN. WE FINALLY DISCOVER JUST SUCH A HEAVENLY BODY... IN A DISTANT SOLAR SYSTEM... ONLY TO FIND THAT...



..THE WHOLE PLANET IS ABOUT TO PLUNGE INTO A DESTRUCTIVE WAR! THE FOOLS ARE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR SELF-OBILITERATION!



FOLLOW THE STRANGERS' SPATIAL BEAM BACK TO THE SOURCE, ARN! DR. TRIPLE WILL SPEAK TO THEM, USING THEIR OWN CODE! WE MUST URGE THEM TO DELAY THE PLANET-WIDE WAR THEY ARE ABOUT TO ENTER INTO! IF ONLY THEY WILL WAIT... WE ARE WILLING TO NEGOTIATE A PEACE PACT!

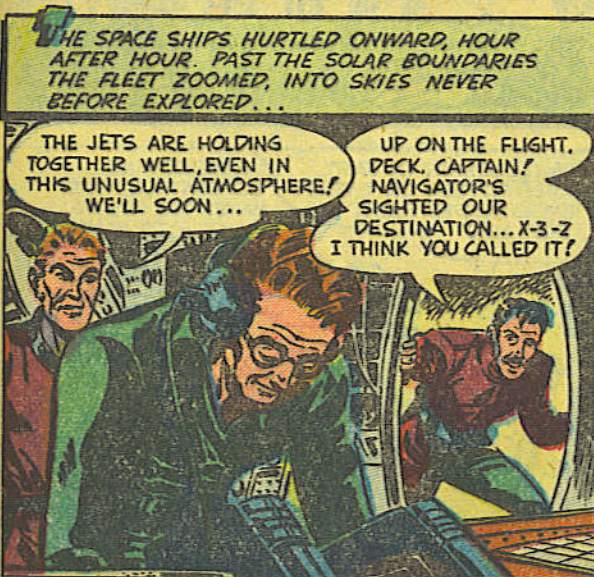


ACROSS BILLIONS OF MILES OF SPACE, THE ELECTRONIC WAVES CRACKLED. LIGHTS FLICKERED MADLY ON THE CONTROL PANEL, UNTIL...

T-THEY'VE RECEIVED MY PLEA, COMMANDER... AND THEY ADVISE US TO MIND OUR OWN BUSINESS! THE ONLY WAY THEIR PROBLEMS CAN BE SETTLED, THEY CLAIM, IS BY WAR!



SPACE ADVENTURES



SPACE ADVENTURES



STAY AWAY FROM OUR PLANET! WE'RE CAPABLE OF SETTLING OUR OWN DISPUTES, WITHOUT MEDDLING FROM SPACE-SNOOPERS! FOR CENTURIES THIS WAR HAS BEEN THREATENING...WE ARE NOW INTENT ON SETTLING IT ONCE-AND-FOR-ALL! BEWARE!



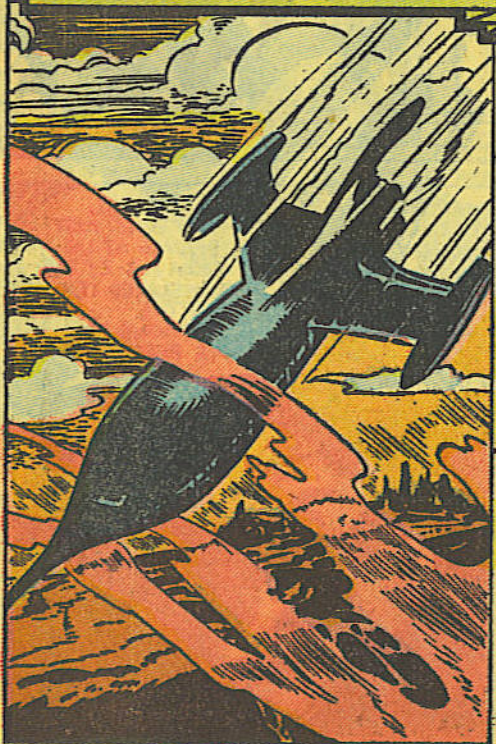
WAIT, X-3-Z! THESE WEAPONS YOU DESCRIBED IN THE MESSAGES WE INTERCEPTED... WE PERFECTED THEM CENTURIES AGO, AND ALMOST ANNIHILATED OUR OWN PLANET WITH THEM... IF ONLY...

'NO USE, CAPTAIN! T-THEY'VE CLICKED OFF.'



T-THEY MUST LISTEN TO REASON, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! PREPARE TO LAND ON X-3-Z! GIVE THE ORDER TO THE REST OF THE FLEET!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE SHIPS OF THE MERCY-MISSION SWOOPED TO A LANDING, AMIDST A SCENE THAT LOOKED TRAGICALLY FAMILIAR TO SURVIVORS OF THE WAR OF THE 1990'S...



JUST LIKE THE DESERTS ON OUR OWN PLANET...

AND THE RUINED CITIES... THE STENCH OF DEATH!



JETS... CLOSING IN FAST, CAPTAIN! FIFTEEN OR TWENTY OF 'EM... HEADED RIGHT FOR US!

A WELCOMING COMMITTEE I HOPE! MAYBE THEY'RE WILLING TO LISTEN TO REASON!

SPACE ADVENTURES



T-THEY'RE OPENING UP ON US... WITH NO WARNING!

THE FILTHY BUTCHERS! BACK INTO YOUR SHIPS, MEN... DIVE FOR COVER!



ATTENTION, CRAFT CAPTAINS! START YOUR ROTORS... THERE'S NOTHING TO BE GAINED HERE! THESE SAVAGES ARE HOPELESSLY INSANE! PERHAPS IT'S BETTER FOR THE UNIVERSE IF THEY DO DESTROY THEMSELVES!

IN THE TUMULTUOUS MOMENTS THAT FOLLOWED, THE SURVIVING SPACE SHIPS OF THE MERCY-MISSION ZOOMED SKYWARD, IN GREAT HASTE...



FIFTEEN MEN MURDERED BY THESE LUNATICS... THREE SPACE-SHIPS DESTROYED!

LOOKS AS IF WE JUST MADE IT IN TIME, CAPTAIN! A FLASH IS COMING IN... PLANET-WIDE WAR HAS BEEN DECLARED ON X-3-Z!



AS THE MERCY-MISSION ROARED AWAY FROM THE DOOMED PLANET WITH JETS OPENED TO FULL-SPEED, A BLINDING FLASH LIT UP THE SKY...



THERE GOES THEIR PLANET... BLASTED TO PIECES!

NOT A SOUL CAN SURVIVE THAT INFERNO! IF ONLY THEY'D LISTENED...

THOSE WEAPONS OF THEIRS NEVER SHOULD'VE BEEN ENTRUSTED TO RUTHLESS LEADERS! WE WERE INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO REALIZE IT, AND SO WE OUTLAWED THEM. BUT THOSE FOOLS ON X-3-Z... EARTH I THINK THEY CALLED THEIR PUNY LITTLE PLANET... DOOMED THEIR OWN CIVILIZATION!



THE END

SPACE ADVENTURES

HOME COMING

IT WAS EARLY IN THE SUMMER OF 1953 WHEN EDMUND CRANSTON SHOWED UP AT A LARGE EASTERN AIRCRAFT CORPORATION AND PRESENTED HIS DRAWINGS OF A ROCKETSHIP FOR OUTER SPACE FLIGHT TO THE CHIEF DESIGNER...A DOCTOR CORNING. THE BLUEPRINTS WERE STUDIED AT LENGTH BY THE CORPORATION'S EXPERTS...AND CRANSTON WAS INVITED TO RETURN...



I'VE SUMMONED YOU, CRANSTON, TO TELL YOU THAT, IN THE OPINION OF OUR BEST TECHNICIANS, YOUR PLANS FOR THIS OUTER SPACE ROCKET ARE VERY NEARLY PERFECT!

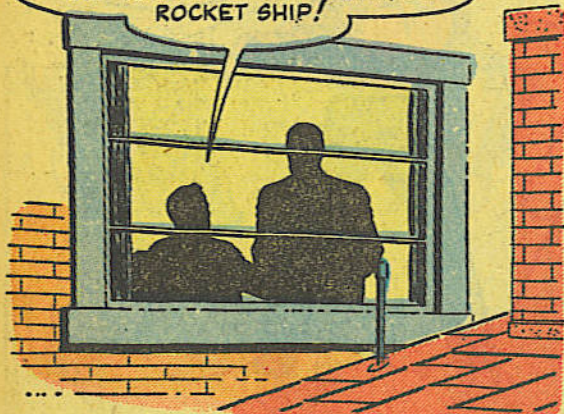
VERY KIND OF YOU TO SAY SO, DOCTOR...

NOT AT ALL. WE ARE PREPARED TO GO AHEAD WITH CONSTRUCTION OF THE SHIP ... PROVIDED WE CAN COME TO SOME AGREEABLE TERMS WITH YOU... THE DESIGNER! WHAT ARE YOUR TERMS, CRANSTON?

STAN CAMPBELL

SPACE ADVENTURES

TERMS...? AH, YES, I UNDERSTAND, DOCTOR... MY TERMS ARE SIMPLE. I WISH TO REALIZE NO PERSONAL PROFIT FROM THE ADVENTURE! MY ONLY STIPULATION IS THAT I WILL BE INCLUDED IN THE CREW OF THE FIRST TRIP TO THE MOON IN MY... AH, OUR ROCKET SHIP!



YOU ARE AN AMAZING PERSON... YOU COME TO ME WITH PLANS FOR A PROPULSION MOTOR WAY AHEAD OF OUR FURTHEST PROJECTED DESIGNS... A HULL DESIGN THAT WILL CLEAR THE ATMOSPHERE OF EARTH IN ONE STAGE! AND YOU WANT TO DONATE YOUR KNOWLEDGE FREE OF CHARGE! TELL ME, CRANSTON, AT WHAT SCHOOLS DID YOU STUDY DESIGN?

IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER DR. CORNING...



I PREFER TO REMAIN AS ANONYMOUS AS POSSIBLE! I'LL FURNISH THE PLANS... YOU, THE MONEY TO BUILD AND FLY IT! IS IT AGREED THAT I MAY ACCOMPANY THE FIRST EXPEDITION?



OF COURSE! ANYTHING YOU SAY. WE SHALL BEGIN CONSTRUCTION OF THE ROCKET AT ONCE. FEEL FREE TO DROP IN AND OBSERVE OUR PROGRESS... AND MAKE SUGGESTIONS... AT ANY TIME!

THANK YOU, DOCTOR.



FUNNY... WHEN I SHOOK HANDS WITH HIM... HIS HAND WAS... COLD... COLD AS ICE!

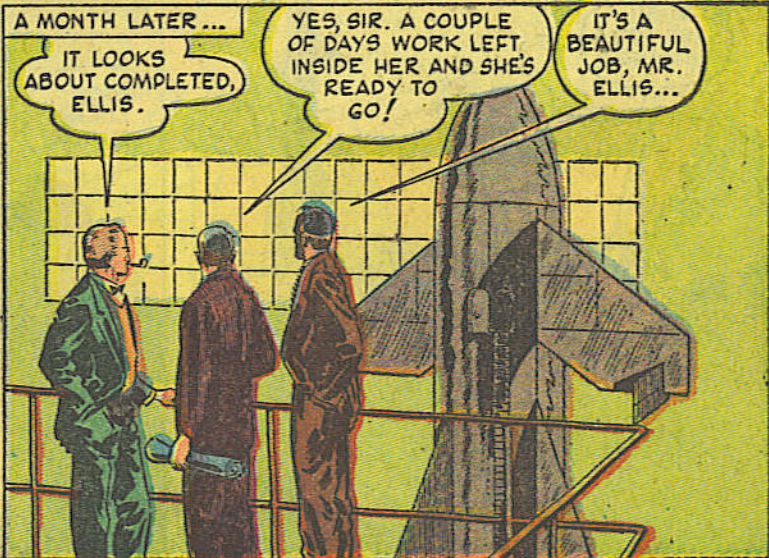


A MONTH LATER...

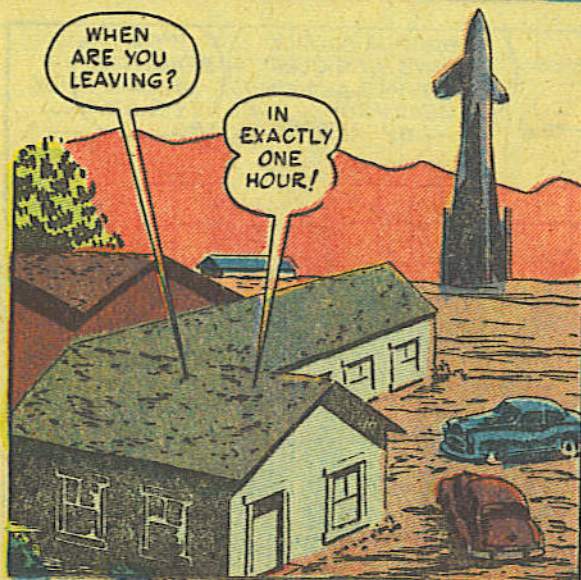
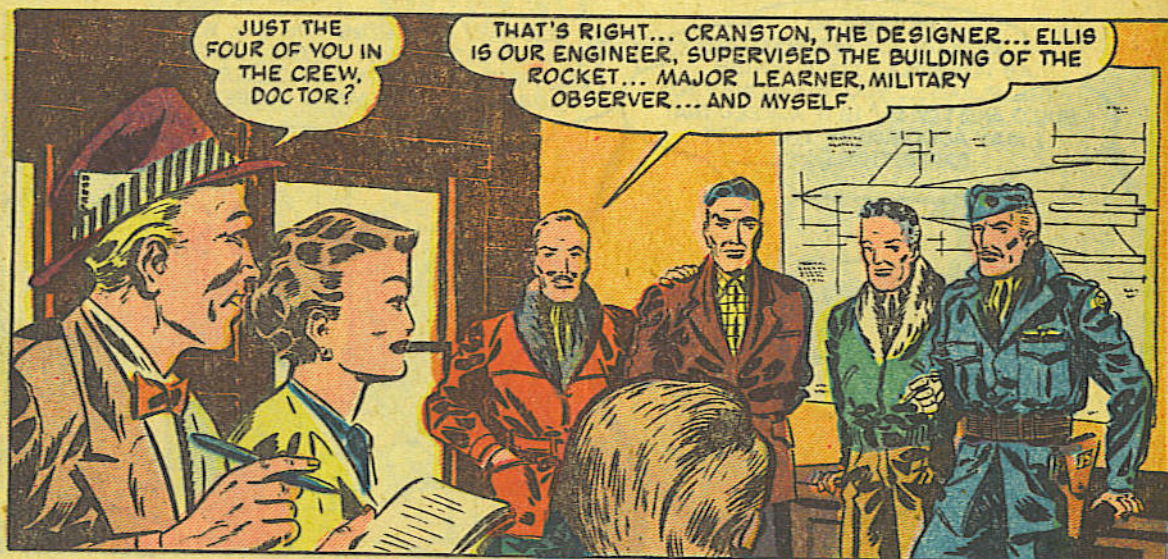
IT LOOKS ABOUT COMPLETED, ELLIS.

YES, SIR. A COUPLE OF DAYS WORK LEFT INSIDE HER AND SHE'S READY TO GO!

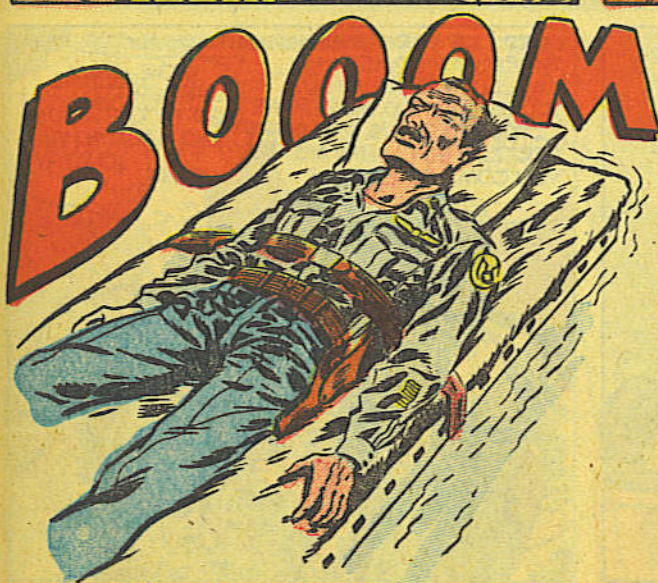
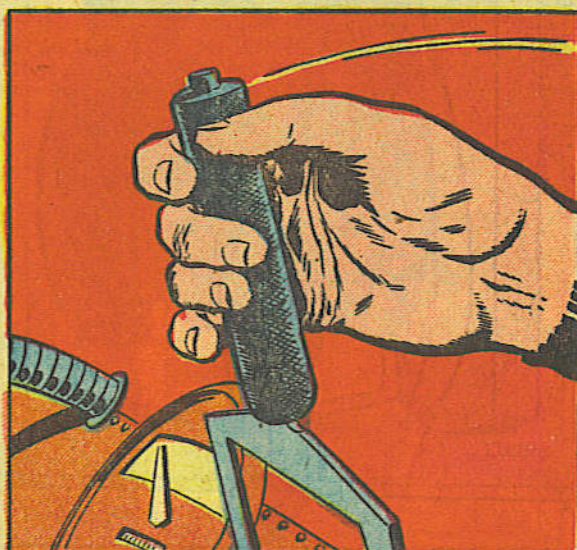
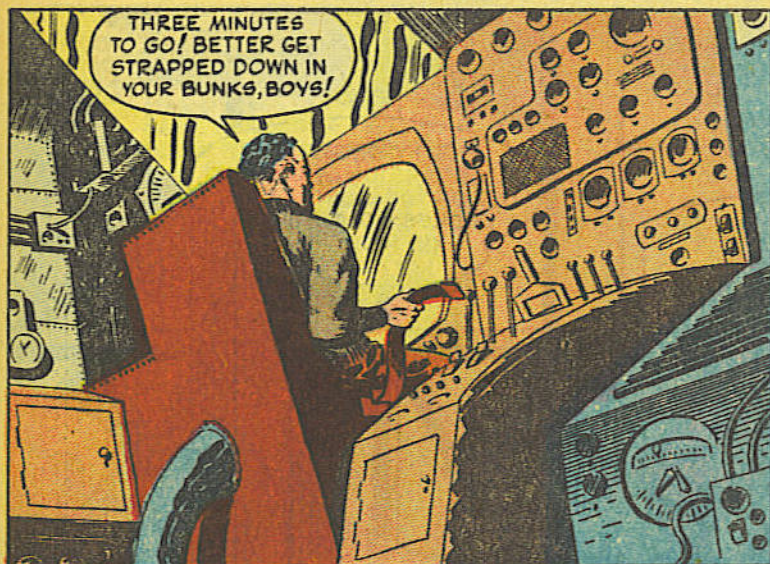
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL JOB, MR. ELLIS...



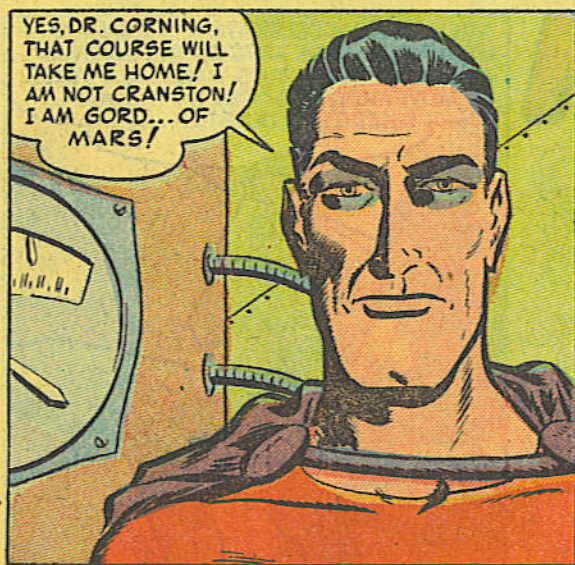
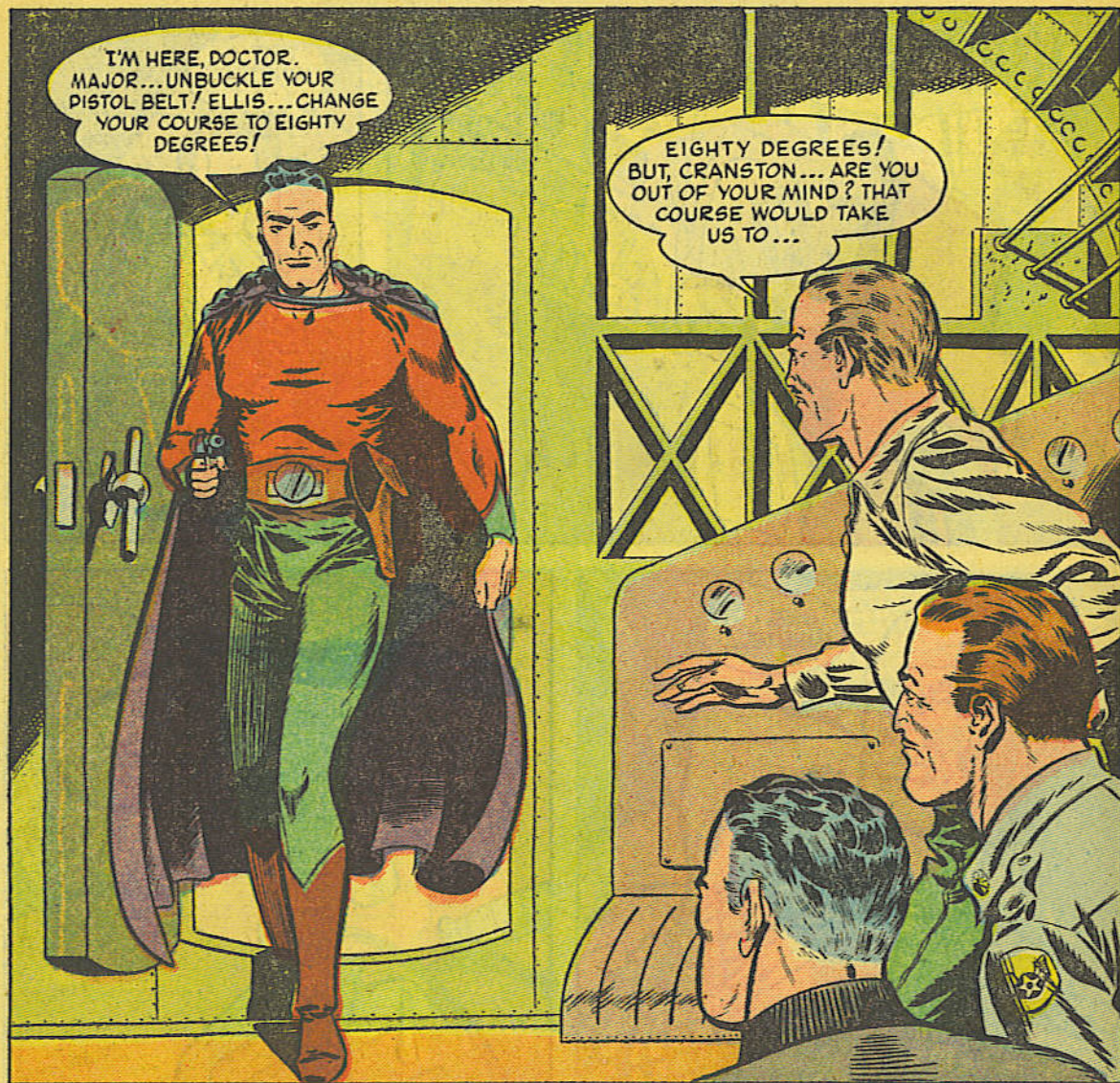
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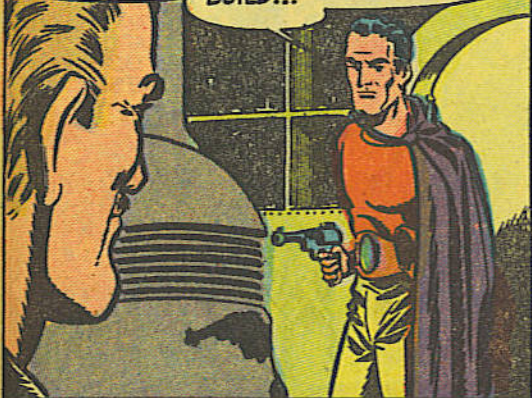


SPACE ADVENTURES



SPACE ADVENTURES

THE FLYING SAUCERS... AS YOU CALL THEM... COME FROM MARS! THEY ARE FLOWN BY A CREW OF THREE OF US. OURS CRASHED IN THE HIMALAYAN MOUNTAINS... THE OTHERS PERISHED. I DESTROYED THE CRAFT... CAME TO AMERICA... WITH PLANS FOR A ROCKET I KNEW YOU WOULD BE EAGER TO BUILD...



...ELLIS, YOU WILL FIND THAT AFTER A CERTAIN ACCELERATION ON YOUR NEW COURSE, WE CAN CUT THE ENGINES AND FLOAT IN FREE SPACE TO MARS! THE AMOUNT OF FUEL REQUIRED TO GO TO THE MOON... AND RETURN TO EARTH... IS EXACTLY ENOUGH TO ALLOW US THAT MUCH ACCELERATION, PLUS THE PROPER RESERVE FOR BRAKING THE CRAFT TO LAND ON MARS!

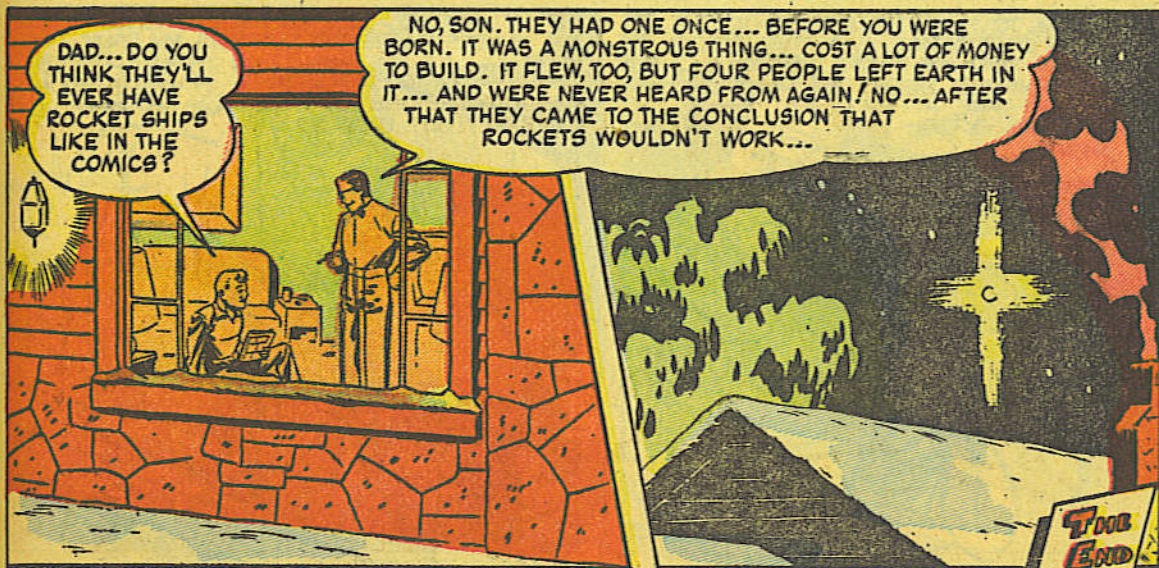


YOU WILL FIND FRIENDLY PEOPLE ON MARS... AND A GOOD LIFE. PERHAPS ... IN THE FULLNESS OF TIME... YOU SHALL BE ALLOWED TO RETURN TO EARTH...



DAD... DO YOU THINK THEY'LL EVER HAVE ROCKET SHIPS LIKE IN THE COMICS?

NO, SON. THEY HAD ONE ONCE... BEFORE YOU WERE BORN. IT WAS A MONSTROUS THING... COST A LOT OF MONEY TO BUILD. IT FLEW, TOO, BUT FOUR PEOPLE LEFT EARTH IN IT... AND WERE NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN! NO... AFTER THAT THEY CAME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT ROCKETS WOULDN'T WORK...



THE END

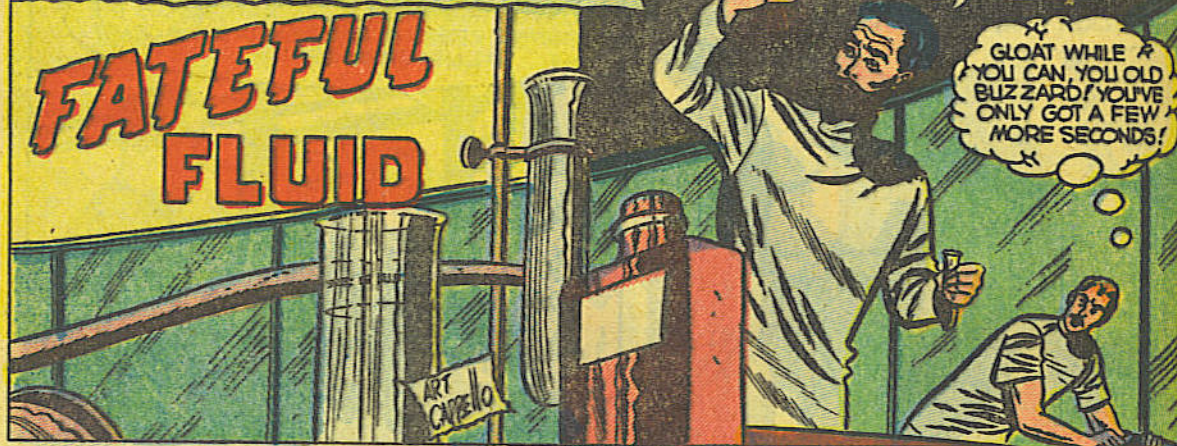
SPACE ADVENTURES

MAN, FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, DREAMED OF PERFECTING A LIQUID CAPABLE OF TRANSFORMING BASE METALS INTO GOLD. THEN, IN THE 26TH CENTURY, AN OBSCURE DISCIPLE OF THE ANCIENT ALCHEMISTS CREATED THE...

FATEFUL FLUID

AT LAST! AFTER 30 YEARS... THE MAGIC ELIXIR WHICH WILL TRANSMUTE EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES INTO PRICELESS GOLD!

GLOAT WHILE YOU CAN, YOU OLD BUZZARD! YOU'VE ONLY GOT A FEW MORE SECONDS!



K-KRYN... WHY ARE YOU HERE? I TOLD YOU I WOULDN'T NEED YOUR ASSISTANCE ANY LONG...



THAT PARALYZO-RAY'LL HOLD YOU FOR A WHILE, PROFESSOR! LONG ENOUGH FOR YOUR HUMBLE ASSISTANT TO BORROW THIS VIAL!



YOUR PLAN TO SUBMIT THE FLUID TO THE INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE IS A TRIFLE TOO UNSELFISH FOR ME, PROF! FOR MONTHS I'VE BEEN WAITING TO TAKE A HAND IN THIS EXPERIMENT...



IT WORKS, JUST AS THE OLD NINCOMPOOP SAID! WHEREVER I PRESS MY PALM, THIS WALL TURNS TO PURE GOLD! I'M RICH...



SPACE ADVENTURES



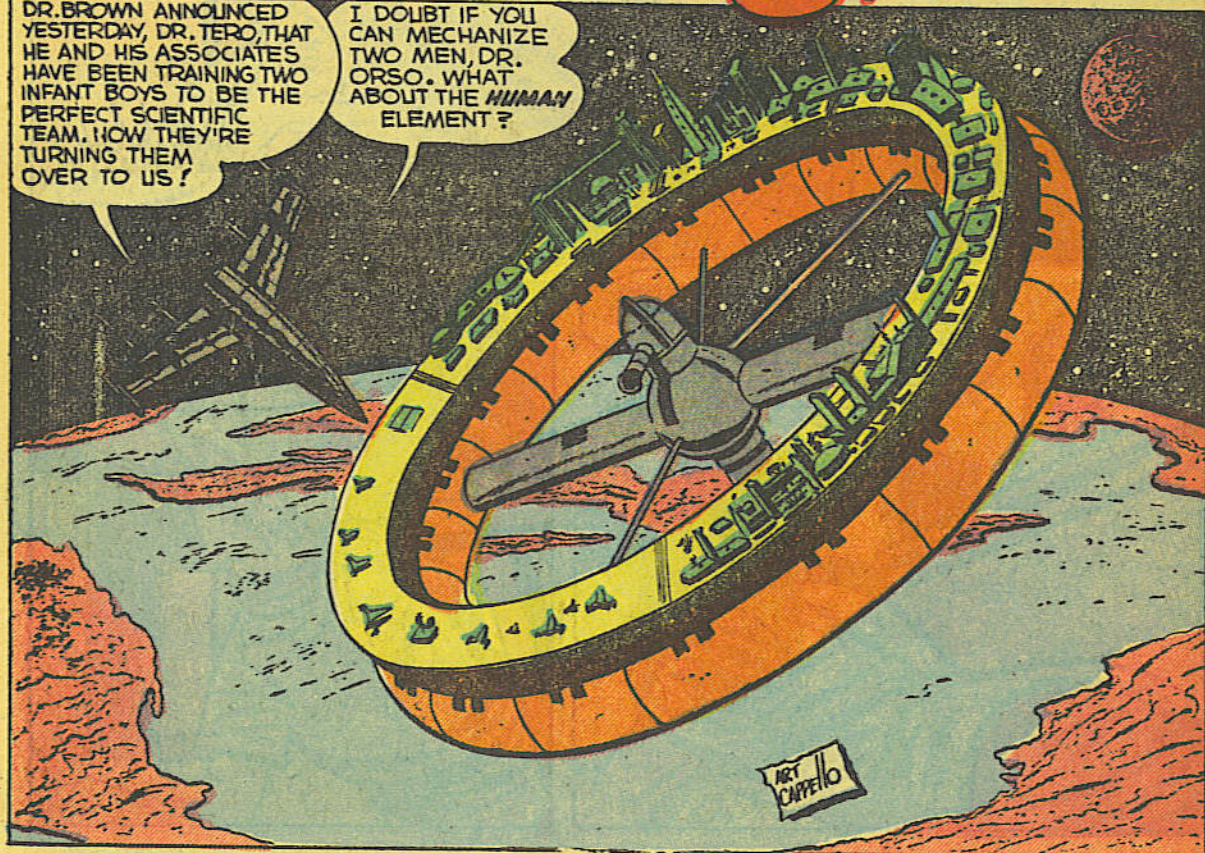
SPACE ADVENTURES

IT WAS IN THE YEARS SHORTLY AFTER INTER-STAR SPACE HAD BEEN CONQUERED, AND THE FIRST METROPOLIS HAD BEEN ERECTED MIDWAY BETWEEN THE EARTH AND MOON. QUEST FOR KNOWLEDGE AND PERFECTION HAD MADE THE NECESSITY FOR SUPER-SCIENTISTS URGENT. AND SO, ON THIS CITY SUSPENDED IN SPACE, AN EXPERIMENT WAS TAKING PLACE.. AN EXPERIMENT THAT WOULD SERVE AS A PASSPORT TO THE LIVING HELL OF...

ETERNITY IN Space

DR. BROWN ANNOUNCED YESTERDAY, DR. TERO, THAT HE AND HIS ASSOCIATES HAVE BEEN TRAINING TWO INFANT BOYS TO BE THE PERFECT SCIENTIFIC TEAM. NOW THEY'RE TURNING THEM OVER TO US!

I DOUBT IF YOU CAN MECHANIZE TWO MEN, DR. ORSO. WHAT ABOUT THE HUMAN ELEMENT?



WHEN YOU RAISE TWO PEOPLE, SCIENTIFICALLY, FROM BABYHOOD, DR. TERO, THERE *ISN'T* ANY HUMAN ELEMENT!

NONSENSE! THERE'LL BE TROUBLE... WAIT AND SEE!



HARDLY DARING TO HOPE, THE TWO SCIENTISTS RAISED THE CHILDREN, NORS AND GRI. AS THE YEARS PASSED...

WE'LL TAPE-RECORD THE LAST REEL INTO THEIR BRAINS AGAIN, DR. TERO.. BUT THEIR SCHOOLING IS ALMOST COMPLETE, AT THE UNBELIEVABLE AGE OF TWELVE!

I STILL FEEL THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG IN THIS... SOMETHING ALMOST INHUMAN!



SPACE ADVENTURES

MORE YEARS WENT BY, AND THEIR KNOWLEDGE INCREASED, AS DID THEIR PHYSICAL PROWESS, AT EQUAL PACE...

LOOK AT THEM! I'D VENTURE TO SAY THAT BOTH ARE GOOD ENOUGH TO MAKE THE INTER-SPACE OLYMPICS!

YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT, DR. TERO. I'M BEGINNING TO BELIEVE THAT PERHAPS MY PREDICTION MAY TURN OUT TO BE WRONG!

SKILL IN MECHANICS WAS NOT IGNORED BY THE EAGER SCIENTISTS, AND SOON AFTER...

OUR TASK IS DONE, DR. TERO. THE BOYS ARE EIGHTEEN NOW, BUT THEY HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE AND SKILL OF MEN FOUR TIMES THEIR AGE!

YES, IT'S TIME FOR THEM TO GO OUT AND PROVE THEMSELVES ON THEIR OWN. WE'VE DONE ALL WE COULD... AND I DON'T THINK THEY'LL LET US DOWN.

YES, THE SCIENTISTS HAD DONE A GOOD JOB AND HAD PLANNED EVERYTHING WELL... THEY WERE SURE THEY HAD CREATED A TEAM OF SUPER SCIENTISTS! BUT THERE WAS A FLY IN THE OINTMENT... AND THE NEXT FEW MONTHS WOULD SHOW THE RESULTS!

THERE, MY FORMULA IS COMPLETE! IT'S A SUPER FUEL FOR ROCKET SHIPS, GRI. THE ROCKETEERS WILL BE ABLE TO PROBE DEEPER THAN EVER INTO OUTER SPACE! I WOULDN'T DARE TELL THE DOCTORS THAT BROUGHT US UP THAT I FIND THIS WORK RATHER DULL. I'D PREFER TO BE SPACE EXPLORING THAN WORKING IN A LAB.

THAT GOES FOR ME, TOO, NORS. I DESIGN THE SHIPS, BUT I GET LITTLE CHANCE TO USE THEM! LISTEN, THE VIDEO-NEWS SCREEN...

ATTENTION! A CONTEST HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED. TEN THOUSAND CREDITS TO THE MAN PERFORMING THE MOST SPECTACULAR FEAT! STAY TUNED FOR FURTHER DETAILS.

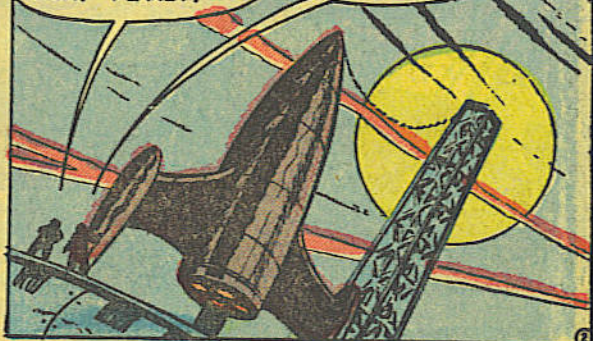
SUPPOSE I WON THAT CONTEST? THE CREDITS MEAN NOTHING... BUT THE FAME AND GLORY THAT WOULD COME WITH IT...

I KNOW ENOUGH TO HANDLE A ROCKET SHIP... AND WITH NORS' FUEL, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT I COULD DO! IF I MADE A COPY OF HIS FORMULA THAT HE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT...

THUS WERE THE SEEDS OF GREED AND DESIRE SOWN. AND DAYS LATER, AT GRI'S SECRET LAUNCHING PLATFORM...

YOUR SHIP'S PRIMED, GRI, BUT I STILL THINK YOU'VE INHALED TOO MUCH SPACE DUST TO CHANCE REACHING THAT PLANET!

THAT'S MY HEAD-ACHE, NOW GET BACK... I'M BLASTING OFF!



SPACE ADVENTURES

THEN WITH A WHOOSH, AND A STREAMING LINE OF FIRE FROM THE JET FINS, THE SPACER ROARS TOWARD OUTER CONSTELLATIONS, TOWARD THE UNIVERSE AS YET UNEXPLORED BY MAN!



AS SKILLFUL AS ANY SPACE JOCKEY, GRI WEATHERED THE EVER DANGEROUS METEOR BELT, AND DAYS LATER...



THERE'S SATURN! I MADE IT... AND WITH **MORE** THAN ENOUGH FUEL TO RETURN TO THE EARTH-MOON STATION! DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL RUN INTO... I'D BETTER KEEP A "DIS" AND "PARA" GUN READY!



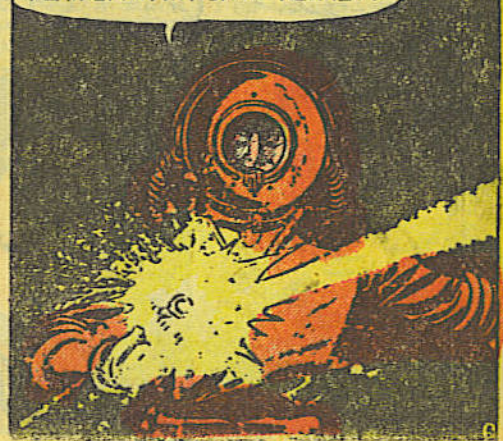
I'M THE FIRST PERSON, AND AS FAR AS I KNOW, THE FIRST CREATURE, EVER TO SET FOOT ON THIS PLANET! I'LL CLAIM IT IN EARTH'S NAME... WHAT'S THAT?



AND LIVID AS THE PLANET ITSELF, A MONSTROUS APPARITION APPEARED.. BEADY EYES GLEAMING AND CLAWS OUTSTRETCHED.



PARARAYS... I'VE GOT TO CHANCE IT! IF I CAN CAPTURE THAT MONSTER AND BRING IT BACK TO THE EARTH-MOON STATION, IT'LL BE A FEATHER IN MY SPACE HELMET!

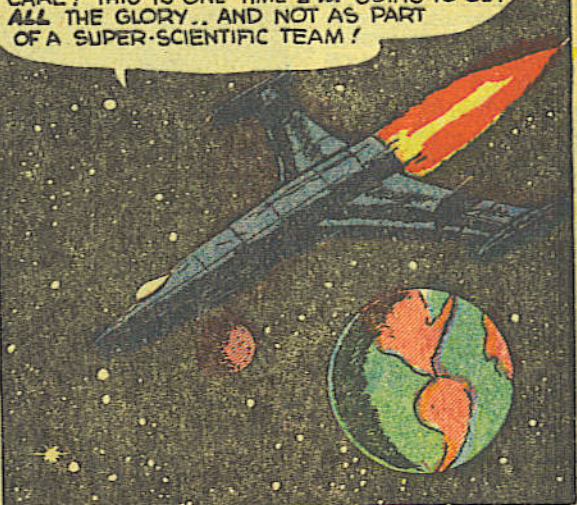
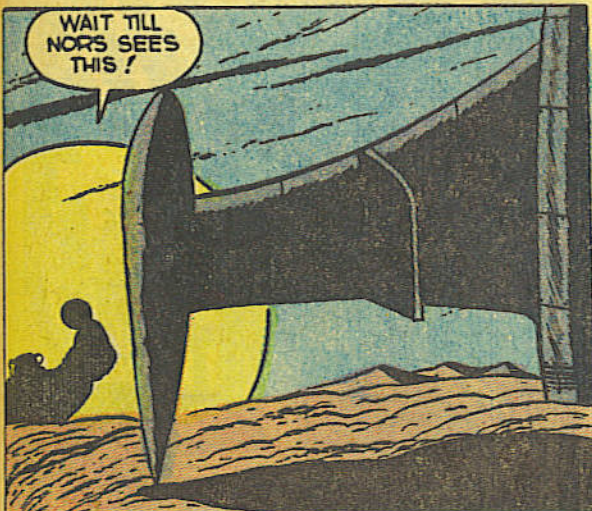


SPACE ADVENTURES

GRI'S GRIM CHALLENGE WORKED! AND WHEN THE MONSTROSITY LAY PARALYZED...

NORS, DR. TERO AND DR. ORSO WON'T LIKE IT WHEN THEY LEARN ABOUT IT, BUT I DON'T CARE! THIS IS ONE TIME I'M GOING TO GET ALL THE GLORY... AND NOT AS PART OF A SUPER-SCIENTIFIC TEAM!

WAIT TILL NORS SEES THIS!



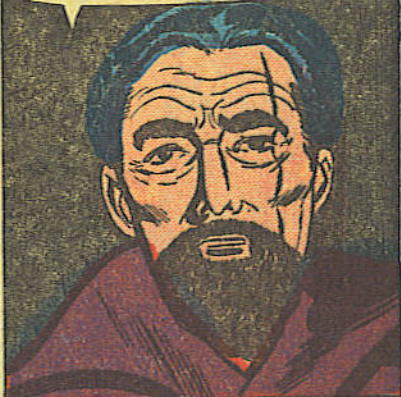
BUT MEANWHILE, ON THE EARTH-MOON SPACE STATION...

I DON'T LIKE IT, DR. ORSO! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME THE TWO MEN HAVE BEEN SEPARATED. WHY WOULD GRI GO OFF ON HIS OWN LIKE THIS?

I DON'T KNOW... BUT IT ISN'T WHAT YOU PREDICTED ABOUT THE HUMAN ELEMENT. OUR EXPERIMENT **CAN'T** FAIL AT THIS LATE STAGE OF THE GAME!



THERE ARE OTHER THINGS I WONDER ABOUT. UNDOUBTEDLY, NORS HAS HEARD OF WHAT GRI HAS DONE. WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS... WHAT IS NORS GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?



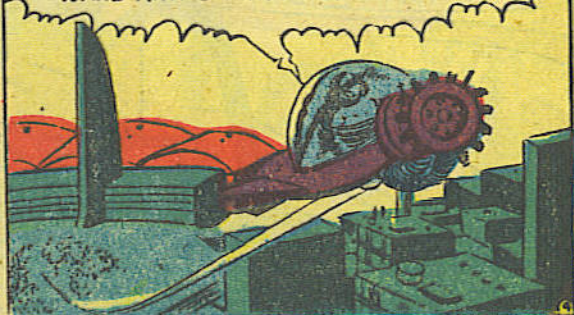
AND WELL THEY MIGHT HAVE WONDERED, FOR AT THAT MOMENT...

ONLY WITH MY FORMULA COULD GRI HAVE GOTTEN THE ROCKET ENERGY NECESSARY TO REACH SATURN. BUT THE CONTEST ISN'T WON YET... I'VE STILL GOT THIS DEVICE THAT GRI KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT!



LATER, WHILE GRI RETURNS WITH HIS SATURN SPECIMEN...

MY COLLEAGUE IS RETURNING FROM SATURN WITH SOMETHING STARTLING, MY FRIENDS. WELL... PLEASE WATCH **THIS** DEMONSTRATION! IT'S SOMETHING NEVER THOUGHT OF BEFORE... OR EVEN **DREAMED** OF! THIS DEVICE MOUNTED ON MY SPACE SLED IS A COMBINATION DISINTEGRATOR... INTEGRATOR... AND ANTI-GRAVITY DEVICE!



SPACE ADVENTURES

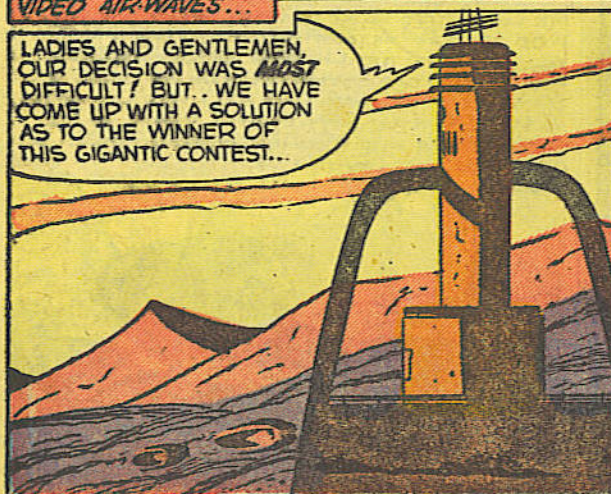
AS THE ONLOOKERS WATCHED, STRANGE RAYS STRUCK THE BUILDINGS...

LOOK, OBSERVE HOW THE DISINTEGRATOR... ANTI-GRAV PORTION OF MY SPACE INVENTION WORKS!



THE EXCITEMENT WAS FEVER HIGH! AND LATER, AS THE DECISION SPED OVER THE ASTRAL, TELE-VIDEO AIR-WAVES...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, OUR DECISION WAS MOST DIFFICULT! BUT... WE HAVE COME UP WITH A SOLUTION AS TO THE WINNER OF THIS GIGANTIC CONTEST...

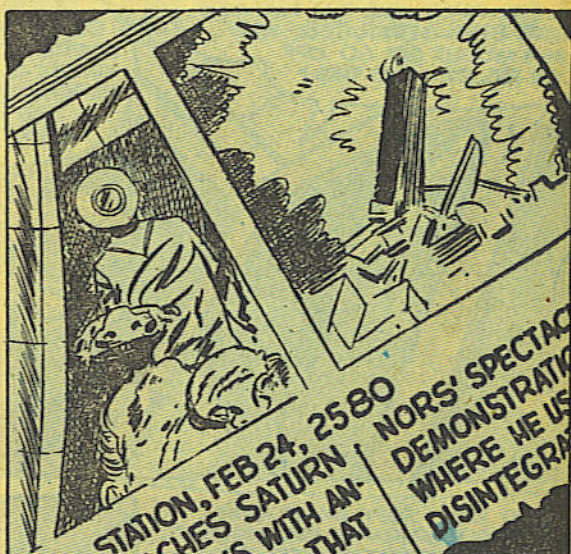


ONCE MORE NORS CIRCLED HIS TARGET, THEN...

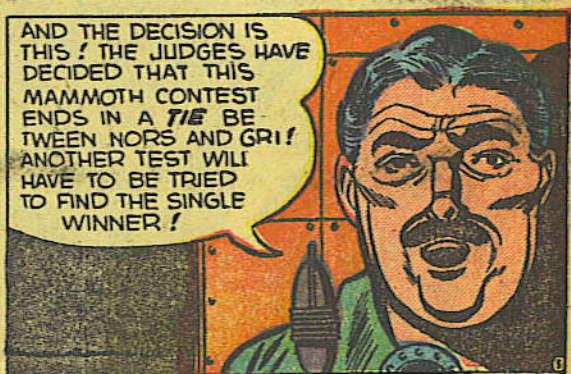
NOW WATCH! THIS TIME I WILL TURN ON THE INTEGRATOR MACHINE, AND WHAT WAS DESTROYED WILL BECOME WHOLE AGAIN!



WHO WOULD WIN THE CONTEST? IT WAS CLEAR THAT NORS AND GRI HAD OUT-DISTANCED ALL THE OTHER CONTESTANTS!



AND THE DECISION IS THIS! THE JUDGES HAVE DECIDED THAT THIS MAMMOTH CONTEST ENDS IN A TIE BETWEEN NORS AND GRI! ANOTHER TEST WILL HAVE TO BE TRIED TO FIND THE SINGLE WINNER!



SPACE ADVENTURES

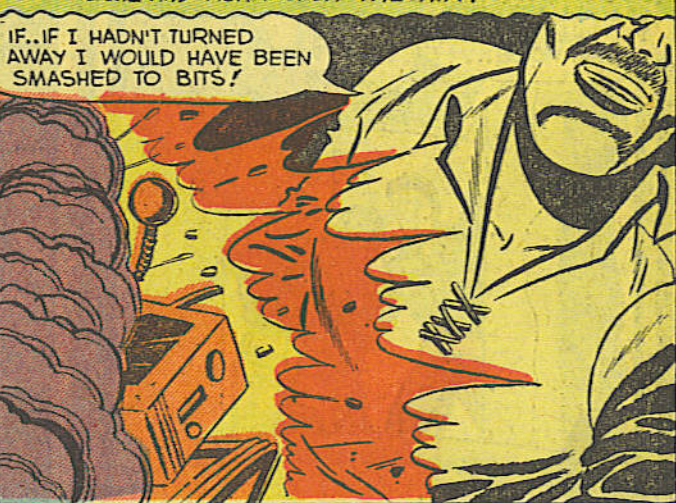
A FINE THING! DOCTORS ORSO AND TERO WONDERED WHAT WOULD HAPPEN... FOR NOW THEIR SCIENTIFIC PUPILS WERE PITTED AGAINST EACH OTHER. AND THE NEXT DAY, IN THE LAB-ORATORY WHICH NORS AND GRI SHARED...

GRI STOLE THE FORMULA I PERFECTED AND TRIED TO GET ALL THE GLORY! BUT HE FAILED...AND **THIS** TIME I WON'T FAIL! WHAT'S THAT...? THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEONE AT THE LAB DOOR...



FOR A MOMENT, NORS TURNED AWAY FROM HIS EXPERIMENT, AND AT THAT INSTANT A SEARING FLAME AND ROAR SPLIT THE AIR!

IF...IF I HADN'T TURNED AWAY I WOULD HAVE BEEN SMASHED TO BITS!

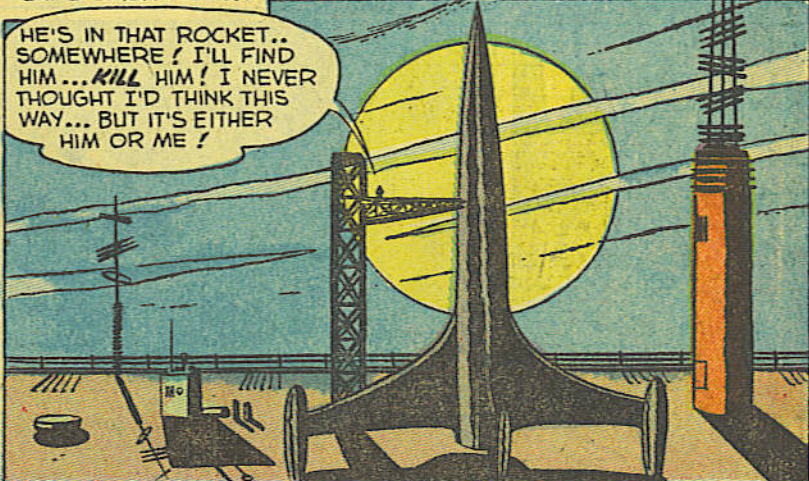


THE MACHINE WAS TAMPERED WITH...THAT'S THE ONLY ANSWER! AND THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS A KEY, BESIDE MYSELF, TO THIS LAB IS GRI! HE'S WILLING TO **MURDER** TO WIN THE CONTEST!



LIKE A WOUNDED BULL, NORS STORMED FROM HIS LAB AND HEADED FOR THE ROCKET ON WHICH HE KNEW GRI WAS EXPERIMENTING...

HE'S IN THAT ROCKET... SOMEWHERE! I'LL FIND HIM...**KILL** HIM! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D THINK THIS WAY... BUT IT'S EITHER HIM OR ME!



MINUTES LATER...

IT'S ALMOST BLAST-OFF TIME. I'D BETTER GET OUT! WHA...
NORS!



YES, I'M NOT A GHOST...BUT IF I AM, I'M A GHOST THAT'LL **KILL**!

JUST EXACTLY WHAT IS THIS MACHINE THAT GRI INVENTED, DR.ORSO?

IT'S A SUPER ROCKET WITH TEST INSTRUMENTS THAT WILL BE SHOT INTO SPACE NEVER BEFORE PENETRATED. IT WILL FLOAT THERE, **UNABLE** TO RETURN. ITS INSTRUMENTS ARE POWERED BY ATOMIC ENERGY, SENDING VALUABLE COSMIC SIGNALS BACK TO EARTH. I'LL LAUNCH THE SHIP IN A LITTLE WHILE BY PULLING THIS LEVER!

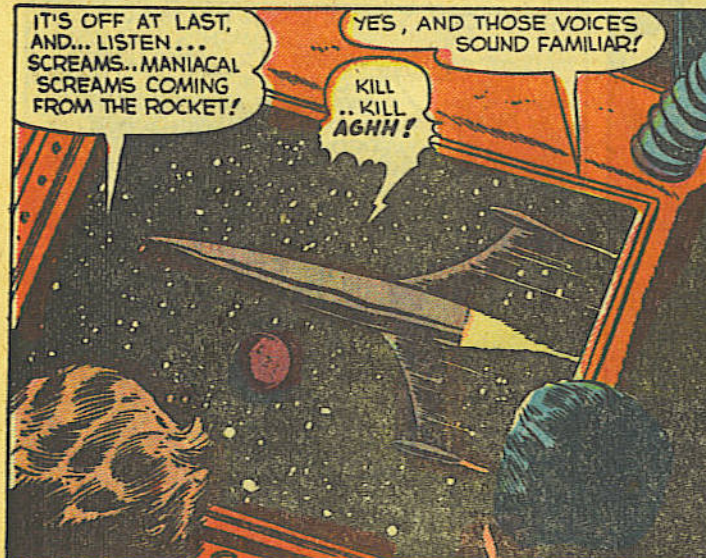
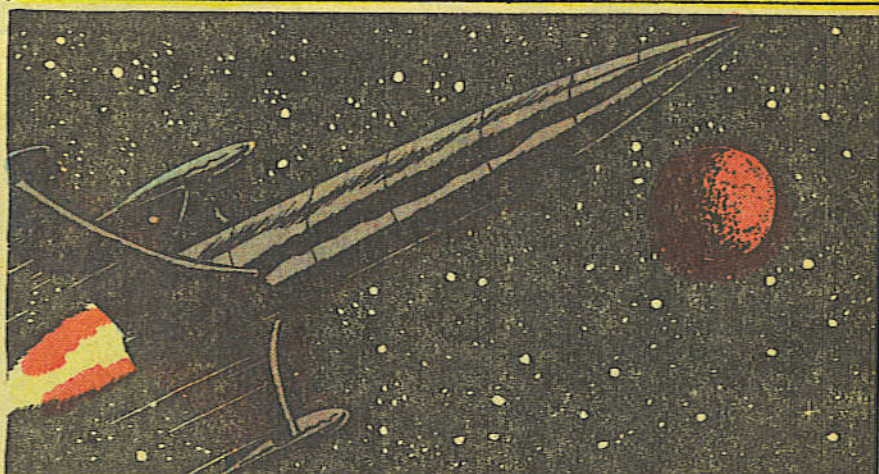


SPACE ADVENTURES



THEN THE PORTAL CLANGED
SHUT, AND A LEVER OF
DESTINY WAS PUSHED!

AND WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR, THE GIANT ROCKET SHIP SPEARED
SKYWARD, HEADED FOR THE OUTER REGIONS OF SPACE NEVER BE-
FORE REACHED BY MAN...A ROCKET DESTINED NEVER TO RETURN!



The
End

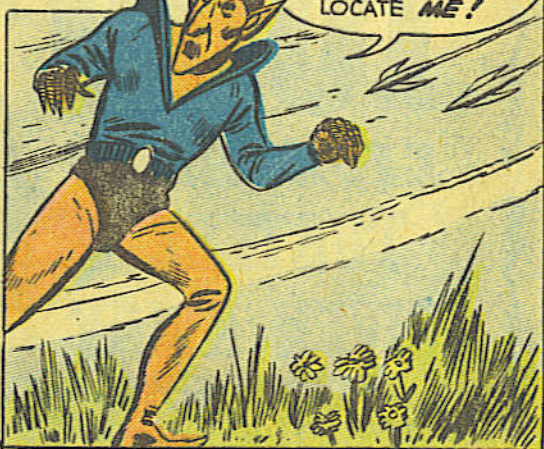
SPACE ADVENTURES

INVASION

FROM SATURN CAME A CREATURE INTENT ON CONQUEST OF THE EARTH! AT BREATH-TAKING SPEED HIS SPACE-CRAFT SWOOPED IN FOR A LANDING...



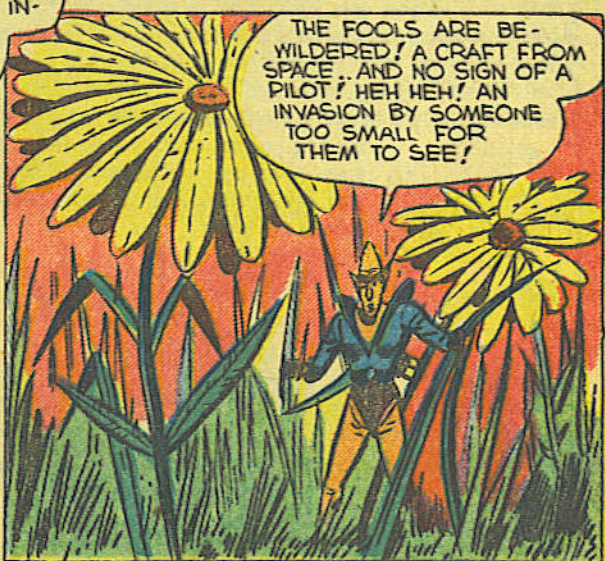
THE EARTHLINGS' SONAR-DETECTOR MUST'VE PICKED UP THE SOUND OF MY SHIP BY NOW! I'LL HAVE TO WORK WITH GREAT RAPIDITY!



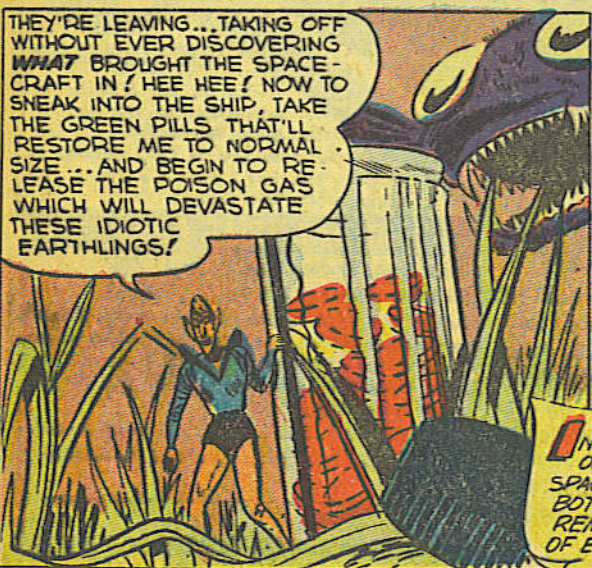
JUST IN TIME...THEY'RE ZEROING IN ON ME! THEY'LL FIND MY SHIP ALL RIGHT, BUT THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO LOCATE ME!



THESE PILLS WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT! I'LL BE SMALL...ALMOST INVISIBLE TO THE EARTHLINGS! THEY'LL NEVER SPOT ME TILL I'M READY TO BE SEEN!



THE FOOLS ARE BEWILDERED! A CRAFT FROM SPACE...AND NO SIGN OF A PILOT! HEH HEH! AN INVASION BY SOMEONE TOO SMALL FOR THEM TO SEE!



THEY'RE LEAVING...TAKING OFF WITHOUT EVER DISCOVERING WHAT BROUGHT THE SPACE-CRAFT IN! HEH HEH! NOW TO SNEAK INTO THE SHIP, TAKE THE GREEN PILLS THAT'LL RESTORE ME TO NORMAL SIZE...AND BEGIN TO RELEASE THE POISON GAS WHICH WILL DEVASTATE THESE IDIOTIC EARTHLINGS!



W-WHAT'S THIS? SOME KIND OF HIDEOUS MONSTER...COMING CLOSER...CLOSER...CLOSER... I'M TRAPPED...

IN ANOTHER MOMENT, ONLY AN ABANDONED SPACE-CRAFT...AND A BOTTLE OF RED PILLS REMAINED AS EVIDENCE OF EARTH'S FIRST INVASION!